Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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THE SPIRIT.

BY A. L. KOENEKE.

PURE and lovely as the snowflake
Wafted gently from on high—
'Tis the Spirit all immortal
Come to shape its destiny.
But a time and all is sullied,
Smirched its tender purity;
Sin hath tarnished all its beauty,
Veiled it in obscurity.

Comes the Sun in all his glory—
'Tis the Sun of righteousness—
Beaming on the tainted treasure
With a loving tenderness.
See it quickly disappearing,
Nothing but the stains are left;
What a change hath been transpiring!
Why of all its charms bereft?

Softly—see you in yon covert
Where the crystal waters dance?
'Tis, forsooth, the tarnished snowflake
Melted in the sun's bright glance;
And as singing it meanders
To its home within the sea,
Thus the Spirit all immortal
Glides into eternity.

"A LOST DAY?"

BY ALICE EDDY CURTISS.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"I SUPPOSE it's true," said Christie, brushing out her hair until it shone like a golden veil in the morning sunshine. "Yes, of course it's true. And I don't want my days to be lost. I'd just do good all the time if I only knew how, and if I could. Only there's so much to be done always."

The hand that held the brush fell idly on her lap for a moment. Christie looked very thoughtful. Her face was not a particularly thoughtful one as a general thing. It was a round, merry, girl's face, with rosy cheeks and honest blue eyes; not a pretty face, except for the shining hair that crowned it, but one that you would have liked to look at for its frank pleasantness. There was another yellow head on the pillow across the room, and a smaller, rounder, rosier face, with eyes fast closed in a morning nap. Opposite this bed was still another, and two more little sleeping faces were reflected in the looking-glass while Christie sat thinking. Evidently her quiet time would not last long.

"So much to be done that *has* to be done," she murmured. "But I don't want my days to be lost. And now—now—that I'm trying to be a Christian—I wonder what I *could* do?"

Somebody moved in the room below. A baby's voice began to be heard in a little sleepy cry. Christie started and hurriedly caught up her brush. She must make haste if she wanted to be ready in time to help the little sisters dress. But the busy thoughts ran on while the brisk fingers did their work.

"Even if I can't do good all the time, seems to me I might do one thing every day—enough to keep it from being lost. Now to-day there's Aunt Maggie. I'm sure it would be doing good to go and read to her. Must be dreadfully lonely for her, blind, and sick too, and poor. It wouldn't be such a great deal of good, but it would do, if I can't do any thing else. And there's Mrs. Norman. She wanted some of the girls to come up to the parsonage and help copy missionary letters. That would be splendid. I'll just try with all my might, and we'll see if I can't get *two* worthy actions in this time. I'm so glad we went to that prayer-meeting! If father could only go all the time, I should get so many ideas. I wonder if he'll ever be able not to work evenings. Poor father!"

"Christie!" cried one of the children. "Why, Christie, I didn't wake up soon enough! I was going to study my spelling. O, wont you hurry and brush out my hair?"

"And O, Christie," called another, "do please untie my shoe-string. I got it all in a hard knot last night, and the shoe's under the bed. I was going to wake up early, too, Katie. Christie, why don't you shake Mollie? The clock's struck six, and we sha'n't be ready for breakfast."

Christie put aside her dreams of doing good with a little sigh.

"I'll have to wait till the work's done, anyhow," she said.

The little sisters clung about her with good-morning kisses, mingled with appeals for help. Katie thrust brush and spelling-book into her hands, and begged for the first attention. Jeanie backed up against her with waist dangling open ready to be "buttoned up," and small Mollie stretched her sleepy arms, and wanted to know if there would be griddle-cakes for breakfast.

Christie laughed good-naturedly as she hustled the three about, whisking on a petticoat here and picking a knot there; clearing the bright tangle of Katie's goldylocks, and "giving out" words from the spelling-book, with sudden dives toward the bureau where it lay. The children's mother often said that she should never know how to get on without Christie's "faculty with children."

One needed such a faculty to be able to fill the place of elder sister in the MacIntyre family! Christie had hardly left her room when baby Bob came tottering and stumbling out of his mother's room to meet her, and in the dining-room there was tall Jem with his algebra, ready to ask one or two questions before he started for the high-school. And as Christie turned from him to help her mother about "dishing up" the breakfast, a small hand stole into hers and a little wizened old face, with soft, blue eyes that were the only child-like thing about it, was lifted up for a kiss. Poor little humpbacked Tommy! Christie helped him into his high chair, on father's right hand, and nodded to him gayly as she flew in and out from the kitchen. Christie was very happy this morning.

"Of course I sha'n't have any chance till the work's all done," she said within herself; "but I'll take a half hour when the beds are made to be all by myself, and get ready to do good,

just like the people we read about. It'll be such a nice way. I'll take my little 'Imitation of Christ,' that father gave me. I know it'll do me good. And then, when every thing's in order and baby asleep, I can run out for an hour before time to get dinner and see Aunt Maggie. May be mother'll let me take her a glass of jelly. It'll be just lovely! And then, when the dinner dishes are done and I've mended the stockings, I'll have time to go up to the parsonage. O, it's too nice to have something special to work for! What a lovely morning this is!"

Christie's father looked across the table and laughed in a pleased way as the family sat down.

"What's the matter with you, bairnie?" he said. "You look as if you'd just come from Sunshine corner."

"Just going there, father," laughed Christie, buttering bread for Molly. "O, I do think this is the nicest day!"

"Wind blows real nice," piped Tommy. "Jem, if it wasn't for your examinations, you could fly the kite you made me, couldn't you? O, I do want to see it go up!"

"Wish I could," said Jem, with the bright, loving look that all the well members of the MacIntyre household were apt to turn to the humpbacked child. "Never you mind, Tomkins; we'll have days and days when it'll fly, only this week I'm too busy. *I* don't think it's the nicest kind of a day by any manner of means, Miss Chris. Examination days are the meanest ones of the term."

"So they are," chimed in Katie; "only I guess I know my spelling now."

"'Taint the nicest for me, because I've got to do three errands before school," said Jeanie.

"And it aint nice for me a bit, 'cause I'm sleepy yet," said Mollie, rubbing her eyes. "Didn't want to get up, only Jeanie waked me, pulling my ears."

Father and mother both laughed a little at the chorus of half-funning complaints. It was evident that the family were not in harmony with the high spirits of the eldest daughter. Even father joined with the children.

"Well, a contented spirit is a good thing, but I must say I don't see any thing particularly beautiful about the day. There are twelve working hours for me in it, just the same as yesterday. However, keep on thinking it's lovely, dear. It wont hurt you, and it's pleasant to see you so happy."

Mother said nothing, but she put her hand to her head, and Christie thought suddenly,

"O, is mother going to have a headache to-day? And O, how selfish I am to think of myself. Poor mother! I must help her out more than usual."

The busy breakfast-time went by, and the children scattered in various directions, leaving Tommy, baby, mother, and Christie behind. There was plenty to do as usual in that crowded household. Christie danced about the house, in and out of chambers and kitchen, working with might and main, while mother fed the baby and gave Tommy his morning rubbing. It seemed a long time before the two beds in the girls' room were made, the children's litter picked up, and the place quiet. Then Christie took her Bible and the little "Imitation of Christ," and went to sit down by the window. How pleasant and still it was, and how delightfully she could plan out her work for the rest of the day! Her thoughts flew to dear Aunt Maggie, sitting white-haired and feeble in her easy chair, and hoping from hour to hour that "somebody might drop in." Christie would find something beautiful to read to her. And just as she had opened her book came a great pounding at the door and a series of peremptory baby calls,

"In! In!"

There he stood, the naughty, runaway darling, bowing like a small mandarin as his sister opened the door.

"How do!" said baby, and took possession of the room.

Christie looked at him in comical perplexity.

"He wont let me read, for he always cries if any body reads when he wants company. Dear me! I suppose mother's busy with Tommy, and he's just trotted off. Now I wonder what I ought to do. If I take him back he'll cry, and he's so happy now. Well, I suppose if even very, *very* good people have baby brothers they can't always take half an hour at a time. Perhaps five minutes does for them, then. Well, I'm glad he likes to be with me, anyhow, and didn't I just read, 'If an exercise be omitted for profit to thy brother, it may easily be recovered.' Come along then, 'my brother,' and let's see what I can do for your profit."

So master baby found himself "in clover" for the hour before his nap, and Christie played with and petted him and kept him happy, taking only an occasional peep into the coveted books, and saying, laughingly, as the small tyrant dropped off to sleep,

"You're sweet, Bobby MacIntyre; but I believe you're sweeter asleep than awake. And now we'll see if I can go to Aunt Maggie's."

Mrs. MacIntyre looked up with a relieved face as the girl came into the sitting-room. She had a great basket of mending before her.

"O, he's off, is he?" she said. "Well, I'm glad, for I promised your father he should have an apple pie for dinner—it isn't often enough he asks for things to have me want him disappointed; and I do believe there never was such a heap of mending as this week since I've been housekeeping. Look at that rent in Jem's flannel! How *does* that boy manage to make such holes? And of all the piles of stockings! Can't you sit right down and go to work while I run out into the kitchen? I'll be in to help after a little. I don't know what I'd do without you, Christie, especially such a day as this, when my head aches so."

"I'm glad I can help," said Christie, rather soberly. Of course she must give up the visit to Aunt Maggie for this morning. If that basket was empty by three o'clock it would be doing well. Never mind, there would be the rest of the afternoon, and the day would not be a lost one, even if there should be only time for one of the good deeds she had planned.

Stitch! stitch! stitch! How the needles flew that morning! Baby slept and slept. Tommy came and sat on a little stool at his mother's feet, talking in his soft little voice about the wind and his kite, and how pleasant it would be when Jem could fly it for him. The mother did not answer him often. Her brow knitted every few minutes as if with sudden pain, and Christie, seeing it, talked instead of her. It was rather dull work. Christie could not help having occasional visions of Aunt Maggie's still peaceful chamber, with herself by the vine-covered window, reading from the "Imitation of Christ." How delightful it would be to get away when every thing was done! Aunt Maggie always made one feel rested, somehow.

It seemed still more delightful to look forward to the visit. With clatter and laughter the children came trooping in from school, hungry and hurried, full of mischief, and asking so many questions that even Christie's sturdy nerves began to flutter a little.

"Who'd ever suppose that six children, not counting me, could make so much noise in one hour?" she said, a little impatiently, when the last flying figure had rounded the corner on the way to the afternoon session.

But Mrs. MacIntyre was busy getting the baby ready for an airing, and had no time for an answer.

It was when he was safely traveling up and down the sidewalk under charge of Mollie, who rejoiced in "being a primary with only one school a day;" when the last stocking was rolled up and carried away, when the dinner dishes were in the china closet and mother seated with father's torn coat that was beyond Christie's skill—poor mother! her work never seemed to be done—that the time seemed really come for "worthy actions." Christie gave a little skip, worthy of Mollie or Katie, as she crossed the sitting-room on her way up stairs. Two hours more before it would be time to get supper—an hour with Aunt Maggie, and another for the parsonage and those delightful letters that were like romances and bits of the New Testament at once.

"It's all come out beautifully," she said, with shining eyes; and at that very moment she caught sight of Tommy. He was standing quite still in the doorway of the closet where the precious kite was laid. Christie could see its gay green and yellow tail hanging over the shelf beyond him. The little fellow could just see his treasure by standing on tip-toe. His eyes were very wide open—such great, soft eyes. Christie thought there was a tear trembling in one of them, but when they caught hers it vanished.

"Wind blows beautiful," said Tommy, smiling. "I was jest a thinkin' how high it'll go when Jem can fly it. O Christie, don't you hope it wont rain next week?"

Christie stopped stock still for one moment. Then she walked deliberately across the room and took up the kite.

"Tommy MacIntyre, you come straight up stairs with me," she said, solemnly. "It's a pity if I can't fly a kite just as well as Jem; and I don't care if I don't do as much good, I'm not going to have you looking like that. Mother, I'm going to take Tom up on the roof and fly this kite, if it takes me all day to get it up, so you'll know where we are if you want us."

Mrs. MacIntyre's tired face grew positively bright for the first time that day.

"Well, I am glad!" she said. "It'll do you good, too, Christie. You need to get out. Run along, Tommy dear, and have a good time with sister. I'm real glad, Christie."

As for Tommy, he threw both arms around his sister half a dozen times on the way up-stairs, and when the two were fairly out upon the flat roof with the fresh wind blowing about them, and the great sky spreading itself out overhead, as if inviting every boy in the city to send a kite into its blue depths, he fairly jumped up and down with pleasure, "like any other child," his sister thought, looking down at him as she untangled the flying tail. It was a pity to leave herself only time for one deed of benevolence, but one would "save the day," and it did seem too bad to make the humpbacked little brother wait.

What an hour that was! How the gay-colored kite went tacking and veering and plunging, like a live creature, against the rushing breeze! How it caught on a telegraph wire and had to be drawn in cautiously, with Tommy dancing with anxiety and excitement! How it sailed away at last, like a beautiful ship of the air, and tugged and drew at the string until Christie was as full of excitement and pleasure as Tommy himself! The wind loosened her braids and sent a cloud of yellow hair flying about her face, and her cheeks grew rosy with exertion. It was delightful.

"O haven't we had a good time?" sighed Tommy as the two went down stairs and his sister waved the kite over his head exultantly, as she answered,

"Yes, indeed."

"A whole hour!" said Mrs. MacIntyre, as they came in. "How bright you look, Christie! I guess you've enjoyed it as much as Tommy. Well, put it up now, and then I believe I shall just go out myself. I'm so tired and nervous with my head, that it seems as if I should fly away; and I'm just going to run over to Aunt Maggie's, and sit a little. It'll do her good as well as me, and I must get away for half an hour or so. You'll look after the house, Christie?"

Christie's bright face fell suddenly. She felt herself flushing scarlet, and turned hastily into the closet so that mother should not see. Her last chance! And now there would not be time for a single worthy action, after a whole day of trying. There was a great lump in her throat which would not let her answer for a moment.

"I'll be home in time for tea," said Mrs. MacIntyre. "I suppose you want to send your love to Aunt Maggie. She thinks so much of you."

"Yes," said Christie, with an effort. "Tell her I wanted to come too. I'm going there soon. See here, mother, you needn't come back to tea at all, if she wants you to stay. Aunt Maggie does like to have people stay to tea with her so, and it'll make you better, I know. I'll see to things here."

"I declare, I believe I will," said mother, brushing the threads from her gown. "It'll do every thing for my head, being quiet over there. Well, good-bye, and take care of your father, and don't try to put baby to bed till I come. I'll be early."

She went over and put her arms about Christie for a moment as she went away.

"You're a real blessing, Christie," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Christie, faintly, though her eyes shone at the caress.

She stood quite still a few minutes, watching her mother go down the street. Poor mother! how seldom she went anywhere! It was very nice to be called a blessing. Christie was glad that she could help, only—and then Katie and Jeanie came running in, and the house was full of noise again.

"Well, as long as I can't do good, I may as well have a good time and not make other people uncomfortable," thought the disappointed philanthropist, and she entered into a romp with the children as if there had been no such things as worthy actions and disappointed hopes in the world. The circle of laughing faces about the tea-table was a pleasant sight to see, but Christie would have been much astonished if she had been told that the pleasantness was due to herself.

That night, when the house was very quiet and only the moon could see, she shed one or two tears over the wasted day.

"A whole day lost!" she whispered, "and yet I tried real hard. Well, perhaps if any body keeps wanting to do good all the time, whether they have any chances or not, God counts it next best to really doing it, and may be he just lets the chances come when he really wants them to have them; so I'll keep on waiting."

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

An old farm-house, with pastures wide,
Sweet with flowers on every side;
A restless lad who looks from out
The porch, with woodbine twined about,
Wishes a thought from in his heart:
O, if I only could depart
From this dull place the world to see,
Ah me! how happy I would be!

Amid the city's ceaseless din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, wishing all day long:
O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door;
The old green meadows could I see,
Ah me! how happy would I be!—*Church Press.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XIV.

Yet this very experience of something beyond the solitary routine of his ordinary evenings had a bad effect on Jack, although he had escaped manfully this time.

He seemed to grow more and more lonely, and though he had resolved not to worry his mother he thought he had a right to ask her advice, so his next letter laid the case before her. Here it is:

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"*B*——, February 18, 18—.

"DEAR MAMMY: This letter is for you; don't read it out loud. I want to know what I shall do evenings. I get awfully tired of setting in my sky-parlor all alone, sewing on buttons or writing letters. It's a good enough place to sleep in, and I don't expect any better room for six dollars a week. Besides, it would be just as lonesome if 'twas bigger, and as for looking out I'd just as lief see the stars as the back yard, and that's what you mostly do see—the yard, I mean—here in the city. I kind of thought Mr. Gray would tell me about where to go, but he has had a lot to do since I came, and I s'pose he has forgot me. It is real easy to forget boys if you aint their mother. Well, I want to tell you and I don't want to, so I'll just cut right in. You know Lew Denning that was in Mr. Gilbert's store? He came in the other day to see me, and he took me to a theater. I don't know but what the play was good enough. The girl was real silly, but I s'pose girls mostly are, exceptin' ours. But O, mother, when they begun to dance it was awful! I was so ashamed I just grabbed my hat and run. I don't want to go *there* one more time. Not never! But it sort of unsettled me, that did. I do want to go somewhere nights. What shall I do? You tell.

"Give my love to the girls and Mimy, and my respect to the ants. O mammy, I'd just like to hug you! JACK."

Manice laid this boyish epistle down with a smile and a heartache. Suddenly there came into her mind the Master's words when he was about to leave his disciples alone as to his personal presence: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." And had not her boy been kept from the evil? and taught far more forcibly than she could teach him the loathsome aspect of gilded and painted sin to pure and honest eyes? So she said to him in answer:

"DEAR JACK: Your letter is read and burned up. I am glad you wrote it. I think you had better ask Mr. Gray what will be a good way to amuse yourself in the evening, for he knows more about the city than I do. Perhaps there is a library where you can get reading. Dear Jack, do be careful about what books you read. I wish you could board at home, but you can't, and now you have to learn to be a man, to guide and control yourself with God's help, to resist temptation, and endure hardness. As I have told you before, I am sure you will sometime be a Christian, and then you will have new strength and Almighty help. I wish you had it now.

"The girls send their love to you, and I dare say would ask you if boys or hens *set*, and if *ants* deserve to have your message given to them. However, the girls did not read your letter, and I have a kind message from your aunts for you—and with *u!* Their message takes the shape of a pair of dog-skin gloves, which I inclose. Good-bye, my precious boy. Your very loving MOTHER."

Jack was much impressed with this letter, chiefly because his mother made no comment on his visit to the theater. She seemed to be reluctant to touch on a topic so foreign to her nature. She did not even ask him not to go again. He felt that she trusted him, and also in some subtle way he felt that she knew him even better than he knew himself, which was true.

Manice was a very wise woman, with that motherly wisdom that does not waste words even of advice and counsel. She knew how tired young people get of superabundant words; she tried to be suggestive, knowing how a good seed always germinates and grows, but a large plant too often, if not always, dies of its transplanting. The mother's day is a day of small things, but eventually their increase filleth the earth.

She took this way, too, to gently remind Mr. Gray of his promises to her about her boy; to write and reproach him for leaving Jack so long to fight his way would have been much less successful.

Jack went to him as soon as bank hours were over the day after he got his mother's letter, and asked him quite simply if he could tell him where to spend his evenings when he was tired of his own society.

"Why!" said Mr. Gray, "It's too bad! I have been so perplexed and busy I forgot all about you, Jack. Let me see—come round to my house, 117 Randolph Street, this evening about seven, and I'll take you to some places where steady boys congregate."

So that evening Jack was made free of the Y. M. C. A. reading-rooms, and introduced at the public library, and indorsed there by Mr. Gray.

This was one thing, but the kindly cashier knew very well that boys need some relaxation besides reading, and advised him to buy tickets to a course of lectures on the war, illustrated by a stereopticon; for Mr. Gray had drawn Jack out enough to discover that the boy took a vivid interest in his own country's history.

So Jack's evenings were fully occupied, or would have been had Lewis Denning let him alone. But there are boys who seem to delight in making their comrades as bad as themselves, and Lewis Denning was one of these. He was determined to make Jack a companion, not so much because he liked him, or altogether because he desired to bring him down to his own level, but he knew the amount of Jack's salary, and had easily discovered what were his personal expenses. Six dollars a week for board accounted for three hundred, excluding the two weeks of vacation; seventy-five cents a week for washing added $37 50; and a hundred dollars a year Jack allowed for clothing and small expenses. This left over a hundred and sixty dollars margin (cipher it exactly for yourselves, boys), which Lewis Denning thought would be quite a help to the various ways in which he enjoyed "life," if only he could persuade Jack into viewing money as he did, as merely the means of procuring pleasure.

He had not yet discovered that every pay-day Jack remitted this surplus to his mother, swelling with joy and pride whenever he inclosed the checks in his letters, to think he was at last able to help the dear and beloved woman who worked so hard and so long for him. But in order to help Jack spend his money he must first incline Jack himself to spend it; and he made many cautious approaches in order to fascinate him gradually with the amusements and gratifications that were so sweet to his own nature.

Unfortunately for his plans, Jack did not care for music. He could not be led into any doubtful society by this lure. But as spring approached and the sun shone more and more fiercely on the roof of Jack's attic chamber so that he found it hot and stuffy when he went back to it in the late afternoon, the country-bred boy began to long for the fresh, keen air, the tossing branches, the cool twilights, and the pure dawns of his real home in Danvers, and he lent a willing ear when Lewis proposed an excursion down the bay one moonlight night on a steamer that left the city at 5 P. M. and returned at 10.

Jack enjoyed the sail as only a boy can enjoy such a thing after a winter of work and confinement to brick walls. The dashing spray of the water, the sunset light on the long-stretched beach, the gay crowds of promenaders, all interested and amused him. Lewis and he took supper at the great sea-side hotel on L—— Bluff, and the sail home in the cool moonlight was altogether delicious.

"Let's go again!" he said to Lewis as they parted at the door of his boarding-house, and Lewis assented with more delight than he expressed. He felt that he had driven in his entering wedge.

Now, the excursion was all right. A more harmless and purer pleasure could hardly have been devised for a healthy boy, and Jack felt exhilarated by its mere recollection. So he went again and again. The third time they strolled into a billiard-room, and Jack soon grew interested in the game; he began to try his own hand at it, and at last, at Lewis's instigation, made a small bet on a certain player. He happened to win his wager, and slipped the dollar into his pocket with an odd feeling of exultation. This indeed was an easy

way to get money. Before they left the room he added another dollar to the first; and, but that the steamer sounded its sharp whistle, he might have gained—or lost—still more, but he dared not lose this last boat. The next time these two went over to the Bluff, sea or shore had no charms for Jack. He made straight for the billiard room, and this time experienced, luckily for him, that reverse which does not daunt the habitual gambler, but only excites him to further contest.

Jack lost ten dollars before his evening was over, and went back to the city with a sinking heart. It had been pay-day the day before, his board-bill and his washing-bill and his new suit of clothes had all been paid for. If he sent the usual sum to his mother it would leave him but five dollars for the next three months. Fifteen had seemed little enough, but now?

There was nothing to be done but to lessen his usual remittance, and how should—no! how *could* he bear to tell his mother the truth? The excitement of winning was gone. He looked back at himself with surprise and disgust, but he was upright of heart and brave of spirit. He sent the diminished check inside of a long letter that dismayed and yet comforted his mother. She could yet trust her boy's candor, even if his discretion had failed. She wrote back:

"You ask me, dear Jack, why betting is wrong. If you would use its other name, gambling, perhaps you would see for yourself. When a person works hard and honestly for money, do you think it is right or reasonable to throw it away for the mere pleasure of a guess? Isn't this 'spending their money for that which is not bread?' I am not glad you went to the billiard-table where you did, but I am very glad you lost money there so early in your experience, for now you know for yourself, before you have acquired the habit, that gambling is a degrading and desperate employment, a pleasure that is all bitterness underneath its gloss of enjoyment.

"You ask me if it is wrong to play billiards. Very few things of that sort are wrong in their nature. They are sadly apt to be wrong in their use. I have known men gamble with peas and beans; or with their own fingers—the Italians do this last. But peas and beans are good to eat, and fingers to use; therefore we cannot say you shall use or own neither. The best rule is Christ's rule, to avoid every occasion of offense. Therefore, my boy, use your own sense as to playing such games in such places."

And Jack kept away from billiard-tables thereafter, to Lewis's great disgust. That our boy had learned to say "No" early in his life was a wonderful help to him now. He had the strength that a habit of resistance gives the soul, a strength next best to Christian principle. In vain did Lewis try to teach him beer-drinking. His promise to his mother so long ago held him with a band of tried steel against this temptation. He was no more perfect or faultless than most well-trained boys; he had their faults and their short-comings, but he was not weak.

In the course of this spring he entered a Bible-class and took a seat in the church to which Mr. Gray belonged, though up to this time he had taken up the wandering habit so common to boys and young men in their first experience of city life and gone about to various churches in an unsettled way, growing critical over the singing, the preaching, the congregation, and the "style of things," until a church became to him a mere place of resort. But when Mr. Gray took him in hand at last he proposed that Jack should attach himself to some one church and take part in its services, if not yet as a member, then as one of its regular attendants. And soon the comradeship of the class, the possession of his own seat, hymn book, and Bible, the friendly hand-shake of the minister, gave the boy a feeling of home that is one of the great and beneficent results of Church organization; and is the means of bringing many who are at first merely of its congregation into that heart of Zion which is really the heart of its Head—"the God and Father of us all."

[*To be continued.*]

CAMP CHOCÓRUA.

BY ATHERTON NOYES.

A HALF-DAY'S railroad journey from Boston to Ashland, N. H., then a seven-mile drive over the beautiful hills, brings us to the shore of Lake Asquam, near the south end of which lies the island now known as "Camp Chocórua." From a point on the hill road, a mile or so from the landing, the lake stretches out before us, now narrow, now broadening, very irregular in outline, and dotted with islands—a tempting prospect to a young canoeist.

It is difficult to pick out Chocórua Island from its fair sisters. But soon, in answer to the blast of our horn from Cox's landing, a boat comes around the point of "No Name," the small island which intervenes and all but hides the camp from our view, and four brown backs are fast sending the old "Sphinx," bag and baggage on board, on the return voyage over the half mile of water which ends our journey.

So much for the entrance to Camp Chocórua; now for the camp itself:

Six years ago, on a stormy day, a small party of wanderers traversed the greater part of this lake in search of a good camping ground. This island, upon which they finally determined, was admirably adapted to their purpose. Protected from the cold north and north-west winds by a thick covering of trees, with a cove on its sheltered side to furnish good harborage for their boats, and at the same time easy of access, there was nothing more to be desired. A rude shanty and wharf were constructed, and when Mount Chocórua, which stands clearly outlined against the northern horizon, had furnished a name, the camp may be said to have been fairly under way.

The camp has been growing and adding attractions for five years. This year it contains thirty boys with four men in charge. The rude wharf has given place to a more substantial structure; and shanties "'81" and "'82"—named from the years in which they were built—an office, a carpenter shop, a store-house, ice-house, dining-room, and kitchen have been added.

And now, boys, I think you must be wondering what sort of a life it is that *these* boys lead in their summer home. I will try to tell you, and in such a way that you shall not say, as one of the new boys this year did: "Yes, mother, *you* hear about it from one of the *faculty!* *I* want you to hear about it from one of the boys!"

In the first place, then, before I enter upon the system and method of the camp, I must relieve your minds upon one point—the camp is *not* a school in the sense in which that word is generally understood; this is the summer vacation, and no books are used. But the boys are taught things that do not require books—they learn to swim, to row, to sail, and to make canoes. There is a fleet of about fifteen canoes in camp, all of which were made by the boys of this or former years. But of this I will tell you later.

And now we will take a look into the camp life—and you must not expect me to tell you of nothing but swimming, and sailing, and making canoes, and of no work, for there is a good deal of that, too, though distributed among so many boys it is not very hard.

The regular work of the camp, which has to be done every day, is divided into four parts—work in the kitchen, police work (which means the *general* work of the camp, keeping the island tidy, scrubbing the floors, etc.), washing dishes, and work in the boats. The boys are divided into *five* (working) "crews," as they are called, and one of the elder and larger boys on each crew is appointed by the faculty as its "stroke" or captain; it is his business to direct the work of his crew, and each "stroke" is provided with a whistle, which he hangs about his neck on a chain, and which he uses to call his crew from any part of the island. You have noticed that the work of the camp was divided into four parts, and the boys into five crews. This arrangement leaves one crew

off duty all the time; and as each crew takes the different kinds of work in order—being to-day kitchen crew, to-morrow police crew, etc.—it becomes every fifth day the off-crew, when it has no regular work. The four members of the faculty are not so fortunate, for each one of them is in charge of one of the crews all the time.

See how admirably the system works. The cook for the day, who is a member of the faculty, rises at half-past six and calls his kitchen boy—appointed by the "stroke" of the crew which is on kitchen duty—who builds the fire, and sets the table for breakfast. The member of the faculty who is policeman for the day gets the boys out of bed about half-past seven o'clock, and takes them in for a dip in the lake before breakfast. I may as well say here for the relief of the ever-anxious mothers, that the boys are never allowed to go into the water except at the regular times, and with a guard boat. Breakfast is served at eight o'clock, and after that work is begun in earnest. The kitchen crew takes charge of the kitchen and dining-room, collecting the dishes for the dish crew, and sweeping and scrubbing the seats and tables if necessary. The dishes, fortunately of tin, have been divided into six piles by the "stroke" of the dish crew, and one after another, from the youngest up to the faculty man, who invariably gets the hardest set, each member of the crew takes his pick and goes down to the lake, where soap, sand, and dish-rags await them all. The police crew are busy with rakes, brooms, and scrubbing-brushes, and the boat crew are bailing the boats and tidying the wharf. By half-past eleven o'clock the work is completed, and the policeman's whistle sounds for the morning review. The expert swimmers make their way quickly to the big raft, while those who are learning stay in the cove. After the swim, the boys do whatever they choose, subject to the permission of the faculty, and the faculty are not hard masters.

Each boy brings to camp his summer allowance of $2 50 (twenty-five cents a week), and deposits this in "The Bank of Camp Chocórua," upon which account he can then draw, by means of checks, like the following:

$0 15. *Camp Chocórua, August* 11, 1885.

THE BANK OF CAMP CHOCÓRUA,

Pay to the order of William Washburn.....

Dollars, fifteen Cents for washing dishes.

HENRY RAGLAN.

These checks are accepted at the stores in the neighboring towns. Suppose now a boy wants to build a canoe, and has spent some of his money, and has not enough left to buy the materials—which cost from $1 50 to $2 00—or perhaps he wants to buy a canoe ready-made—which will cost him from $4 to $6—he applies to the camp for a contract, by which he may earn some money. There is always enough to be done to supply any energetic boy with all he wants to do—a stone wall to be built, some rocks to be moved, or a path to be made, etc. And if he finds a contract to his taste he signs the printed form in the "contract book," wherein he agrees to perform his contract within a specified time for a specified sum, or to forfeit half the amount he was to receive. A good many contracting companies are formed among the boys, one of which, the "Good-Will Contracting Company," earned last year about $30, a considerable lift toward the purchase of the Rushton canoe now in their possession.

The canoes that are built in camp are made with a bottom-board of pine, ribs of hard wood, iron sections, and canvas covering, and are very seaworthy boats, and the boys spend many of their leisure hours in building them. Sailing the canoes, tennis, and base-ball help fill the merry hours. There is an afternoon swim about four o'clock, presided over as usual by the policeman in the guard boat, and at six the boat crew go over to Cox's to meet the mail and provision team. Dinner is served at half-past six, and after the dishes have been washed, the boys congregate around the big bon-fire that has just been built, and listen to a story told by one of the faculty. Then the mattresses and blankets in shanties "'81" and "'82," which during the day have been rolled up in racks overhead, are stretched out upon the floor, and soon all are at rest, to be disturbed only by the policeman's whistle next morning.

Such is the average day at Camp Chocórua. Then there are great days. The annual sports, which occur during the first week in August, break in upon the camp life in right pleasant fashion. The first day is taken up with races in swimming and diving, plain and fancy, a boat race, and canoe sailing and paddling races; the second day is occupied by a base-ball game and tennis tournament, and the guests—sisters and mothers from Boston and from summer homes among the hills—are invited to camp for dinner, which is in turn followed by a minstrel show or other entertainment furnished by the boys. And then, in the fading light of the huge bon-fire which has been casting its flickering light far and wide over island and lake, the little steamer noiselessly but swiftly threads the silent waters, bearing away its freight of passengers, while a chorus of boyish voices singing the camp song forms a fitting farewell to their departing friends.

Another experience breaks up the regularity of camp. It is customary after the sports to have either a canoe cruise about the lake or a long tramp. Last year the camp, with a large ox-team to carry blankets, provisions, cooking utensils, and other camp necessaries, started to climb Chocórua Mountain, forty miles distant. They tramped fifteen miles a day on an average, sleeping in barns, and doing the cooking, gypsy-fashion, in the fields. Every night a story was told, as usual, and while the boys slept a member of the faculty was always on watch to cover up the restless ones. One of the most amusing incidents of the tramp occurred one night while the watchman, lantern in hand, was going his rounds between the lines of sleepers:

We had been passing through a country rich in blackberries that day, and we left great devastation behind us on the bushes. As the watchman was passing little Charlie Fay, he raised himself on his elbow in his sleep, and, gazing earnestly down into the hay by his side, exclaimed, "My! what a pile of blackberries!" And then, after a moment, in a most disappointed tone of voice, "O where are they?" then turned over and slept, wholly unconscious of the merriment he had caused the sleepy watchman.

But my story is getting too long. We must pass over the rest of that delightful tramp and hasten back to the island, for there is one spot there we have not visited yet.

It is Sunday afternoon; the necessary camp duties have been performed as usual; the boys have had a quiet review, and now the church boat is returning from shore, bringing visitors to the afternoon service. A winding wood path leads to the chapel, which lies at the extreme northern point of the island. Here, indeed, is a "tabernacle not made with hands." A large rock forms the altar; a smaller one in front supplies a reading desk; behind the altar a large cross made from the trunk of a birch tree; instead of pews are rustic seats; overhead the birches are gently waving in the breeze; and now, as we catch in the distance the first sounds of the processional hymn, the western sun throws its long shadows over mountain and lake, which are but partly screened by the thin veil of trees. A simple service is read by the principal of the camp. A boy choir, accompanied by an organ, two violins, and a cornet, furnish the music. There is no address. But none is needed; it would perhaps disturb the perfect sanctity of the spot.

Camp Chocórua has been a success. The boys—young fellows in their early "teens"—come there from city homes and schools, and enjoy a profitable vacation. The entire change of air and surroundings, the regularity of meals and hours for retiring, plant many red roses in study-bleached cheeks. This is invaluable, and with it are many priceless lessons of manly bearing which are bound to tell in the lives of our bovs of the camp.

THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

BY E. J. BINGHAM.

"Amy, I noticed in class to-day you pronounced George Eliot's book 'Rŏm′ola,' instead of 'Rōmō′la.' Who told you that was correct?" said Ethel Earle to her friend Amy Seymour, as they slowly walked homeward from school.

"My Aunt Laura," replied Amy; "and she said George Eliot herself speaks of the mispronunciation—Rōmō′la—in a letter given in the book, which her husband, Mr. Cross, edited. And do you know," she continued earnestly, "I was just thinking, when you spoke to me, that I am not sufficiently grateful to Aunt Laura for the trouble she gives herself to keep me well informed. I love her dearly, but I have grown so accustomed to her kind interest in me that I only give attention to one half the many instructive things she tells me."

"Well, I frankly confess," said Ethel, "I care a great deal about being posted in what my mother used to call 'general information.' I wish *I* had been the one to amaze the class with the correct pronunciation of a word so generally mispronounced."

"O, I have just thought of something I wanted to tell you about!" exclaimed Amy. "I saw, to-day, such a pretty frame. I think it would be such a nice present for our teacher. It was of carved wood—cherry, I think—and made to stand up. On one side of the frame was a projection, a square of the same wood, with the name of George Eliot's books on it. 'Adam Bede' headed the list. In the frame was her picture, an engraving, the one usually seen of her, a profile view of her face, and a cap on her head with long lace ends."

"There is only that one style, I think, in circulation," said Ethel. "I saw a copy at one time of a bas-relief, by C. E. Conner, and it was the same. Don't you think her features are very much like those of Savonarola, in the picture we saw of him?"

"Yes, very much. By the way, I spoke to my mother about that picture, and she said the words carved on the frame are from 'Romola.' Let me see. I think I can remember them. 'He had the greatness which belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong.'"

"A frame of that kind will be the very thing to give our teacher," cried Ethel, delighted. "Let us talk to the girls about it to-morrow. We can leave our order at the Household Art Rooms, and have it just as we decide on."

The friends walked on in silence, each busy with her own thoughts. Amy suddenly said eagerly,

"Ethel, let us form ourselves into a Mutual Improvement Society! Come to our house this evening and bring your work. I will ask Aunt Laura to be our leader, and it will be pleasant for us all, I feel quite sure!"

"How kind of you to think of it!" replied Ethel, as the two girls lingered at the gate of her home. "I shall certainly come."

A few hours later, as Amy sat with Aunt Laura in their cosy sitting-room, she repeated the conversation with her friend, adding, "Just treat her like one of your own nieces, dear aunty, nothing would please her better. Since her mother died, no one cares enough about her education to ask her what she is studying, she told me!"

"I shall be very glad to do any thing I can to help her," said Aunt Laura, stroking Amy's hair. "Now go and ask your mother if she feels well enough to join us this evening."

"O, here is Ethel!" exclaimed Amy, as the maid opened the door for her friend. "I thought it was her when I heard the bell."

"Now let me commence to criticise," said Aunt Laura, smiling, after cordially greeting their visitor. "You should say, 'I thought it was she.'"

Amy made a gesture of despair, as she vanished through the door to speak to her mother, and Ethel exclaimed, as she sank into the comfortable chair arranged for her neat Aunt Laura,

"That is one of the most difficult things for me to remember, Miss Lombard."

"It is practice makes such things easy," replied Miss Lombard. "When a word or sentence seems awkward to me, I find I can very soon make it easy for me to speak it by repeating it aloud a number of times. This is a very simple rule, and one I think every person should make use of."

While she was speaking Amy had entered the room, supporting lightly her mother, who was an invalid.

"I am glad to be well enough to join this new organization," she said, smiling, as Ethel rose to greet her. "I spend so many hours in my room in pain it is a delight for me to sit among the well ones occasionally. What is your work?" she continued, seating herself near Ethel. "How pretty it is!"

"I have gilded an ear of corn, and am making it into a bangle board. You have no idea how pretty they are when finished."

"I wonder if they could be silvered," said Amy. "I mean to try it."

But Ethel did not hear her remark. She was gazing with delight on Miss Lombard's work, which she had taken from her bag and laid on her lap, first tying on a fresh white apron. It was to be a lamp-shade, and was made of gold-colored satin ribbon about an inch wide, sewed over and over on the wrong side, giving it the appearance of a melon. Around the top she had sewed little brass rings after hemming the edges, and through the rings a narrow ribbon was to be drawn to fasten the shade to the required size. The lower edge of each strip of ribbon had been turned under in a point, and Miss Lombard was now gathering some white lace about two inches deep to fasten under the points.

"You are welcome to make one like it," said she, looking up, as Ethel gave an exclamation of delight. "A pretty change," she added, "is to sew silk balls on each point of the ribbon in place of the lace. Balls of every variety are so much used just now. When I took up my work this evening," she continued, turning toward her sister, "I soon saw you had given me some valuable assistance while I was gone this afternoon."

"Yes, I did work on it a little while," replied Mrs. Seymour. "You were gone from home longer than you intended, were you not?"

"Yes," said Miss Lombard, "and let me tell you all about my trip. I am sure you would have enjoyed it as much as I did. Aunt Alice was with me," she continued, turning to Amy, "and she is so well-posted in potters' marks that I received a great deal of information from her, aside from the pleasure I had in looking at the china and helping her select her after-dinner coffee set."

"Well done!" interrupted Amy, "you said coffee without a moment's hesitation!"

"I am sure I hope I have entirely broken myself of saying kawfee," said her aunt, laughing. "I saw for the first time," she went on, "some cunning little spoons made of china, to be used with the cups. They were in Dresden and Carlsbad ware."

"We have a new set of cups at home of Vienna ware," exclaimed Ethel, "and I will ask father to buy the china spoons. He spoke of getting plated silver. A friend of his told him the plated spoons were used on the most elegantly laid tables."

"Yes," Miss Lombard said, "that is true, I think, but it seems to me that unless one intended buying solid silver spoons the china spoons are prettier than the plated ware.

They are comparatively inexpensive, and could be laid aside if one grew tired of them. Mrs. Kingman bought a lovely crystal water-bottle as we stood near her this morning in a store. I am afraid I am prejudiced in favor of the colored glass, for I could not admire it as much as Aunt Alice did."

"You should say a crystal carafe" (ca-răfe'), said Mrs. Seymour, smiling. "I have noticed in the descriptions of dinners given by the president and his sister the bottles are mentioned by their proper name."

"Mamma knows every thing, I do believe," said Amy. "And yet she so rarely leaves her own room."

"No," said her mother, smiling, "far from it. For now I am reminded that I did not know the meaning of another word mentioned in the same article. It was c-o-m-p-o-t-e," said she, slowly.

As no one offered a definition, Amy hastened to the dictionary, a large "Webster's Unabridged," that stood open on a stand convenient for use. "Why should we not have our dictionary placed as conveniently in our homes as in our schools," Mrs. Seymour had said when Amy was quite a young girl. The stand had been a gift to Amy soon after, and the habit of looking up pronunciation and definition was very soon learned by her.

"Cŏm'pōte, fruit in syrup made ready to use at once," Amy read aloud. "Now, mother, that is exactly what you have prepared for us, only we have never given it a name."

Miss Lombard looked up from her work to tell them about something pretty she had seen, but found Ethel repeating to herself the new word she had heard and its definition.

"I have commenced at once to make that a habit," she said, smiling, as she caught Miss Lombard's look of approbation.

"I saw china scrap-plates in a dozen different sizes," Miss Lombard said, turning to her sister. "I think we shall have to have some at once. Our new waitress has made us feel the necessity of them," she said to Ethel. "From the first day she came to us, she has never failed to place at each plate a sauce-plate for the bones, potato skins, etc. The scrap-plates made for that use are curved on the inside to fit close to your plate, and of various forms on the outside edge," she continued, in answer to questions from the two girls. "They are called also 'fish-bone plates,' and 'chicken-bone plates,' but I think 'scrap-plates' the best name for them. I saw them also in crystal in beautiful shapes. O! have any of you seen a 'Harlequin set?' I know a lady who has one of small cups and saucers," she continued, in answer to the interested faces turned toward her. "No two alike, and given her by different friends. It commenced in fun at a lunch party one day by four of her friends offering to start one for her, and since then the idea has pleased other friends, and those wishing to make her a gift on any occasion have added to the number. I will tell you what kind of china some of them are, if you would like to have me, and the mark that indicates them?"

And in response to an eager response from them all she commenced:

"One of 'Royal Dresden china,' was the first given her, with the monogram 'A. R.' on the saucer, meaning 'Augustus Rex,' which is one of the early marks now reproduced. The second one was from the same factory, marked with crossed swords in blue. This mark is very frequently used, and is unmistakable. I have been greatly interested in reading about the manufacture of china in different countries. Some of it is like a story-book. The first European manufactory of true porcelain was at Meissen, five miles from Dresden, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and its quality has never been excelled. Every thing connected with the factory was carried on in the greatest secrecy. The workmen were bound by most solemn oaths, and were guarded in a castle which they were never allowed to leave, and no stranger to enter. One man, after a long time, escaped to Vienna. The importance of porcelain was quickly recognized by the German princes, and he was joyfully received. In this way the manufactory of Vienna was commenced, which has produced most wonderful specimens of workmanship, especially in gilding, but the paste is not equal to Dresden. Genuine Vienna ware is rare, we were told by a reliable salesman. He says the mark sometimes called a 'bee-hive,' but really a shield, is Carlsbad, Germany, ware. I shall have to believe it, though I have long thought all pieces with this old Vienna mark were genuine. The second cup in the 'Harlequin set' was in this ware."

"I have seen a vase with a star in blue and the word 'Dresden' beneath it in script; also one with a crown in blue and and a large 'D' under it. Aunt Alice has them," said Amy, delighted to find she could remember something on the subject. She was apt to think she had forgotten things because they were not constantly in her mind.

"Those marks are on china, made in Dresden, but not from the 'Royal factory,'" said her aunt. "But just here let me correct your pronunciation of two words, Amy. The preference is given by the best authorities to the pronunciation of *beneath*, giving '*th*' the sound it has in *this* instead of '*th*' in *thin*. And don't say văze, Amy dear. It is only an affectation in Americans. All the best authorities give văse and vāze. Look in your Webster's Dictionary at your leisure, young ladies, and see what little authority there is for any other pronunciation, even in England."

"O aunty! I wish I could remember as well as you do," sighed Amy.

"I intend to help you to remember a great deal better than I do. For I find it quite an effort to remember not to say ro'mance, for romance', noose-paper for news-paper, and artic for arc-tic."

"Our teacher in grammar made one of my mistakes so ridiculous to me to-day, that I shall try never to be guilty of it again," said Ethel. "As usual, I said something in class about 'speaking good grammar' and she said in the most horrified manner, 'My dear child, there is no such thing as good or bad grammar. You would not say good or bad arithmetic. Look in your book, first page, and see what the definition is of the word grammar.' I did so," said Ethel, laughing heartily with the others, as she suddenly realized how closely she had imitated her teacher's horrified manner, "and I think I shall remember it."

"Yes," said Amy, "but what troubled me was the fact that she had told me once before the same thing, but I did not notice your mistake until she spoke of it. We may say of a person that he does not speak 'good English,' or that he does not speak grammatically. I think I can remember that now; don't you think I ought to?" she said, turning to her mother.

"Not if you give it as little thought as the mistake you have just made," answered her mother, smiling.

"Why, what *do* you mean," cried Amy, in amazement.

"You said the word 'you' as if it was 'chew.' It is a very common mistake," she went on gently, as the two girls after a peep at each other covered their faces with their hands in half-real, half-pretended confusion, "so common that when a person says smoothly, 'don't you,' it attracts attention to their correct speech. Indeed, I think 'you' is a test word of careful training. 'Can you' is easy enough. Now try 'would you' and 'should you.' The tendency is to give the word 'you' in these two cases the sound of 'jew.'"

After much laughter over the efforts both girls made to display their ability to give the word in question the needed sound of "y," the Mutual Improvement Society gave their undivided attention for a few minutes to their work, which had been unconsciously neglected during their interesting talk. The silence was broken by Ethel, who asked, in her earnest way,

"Is Spode china a style, or is it the name of a factory? We have some handsome plates by that name."

"It is a style," said Mrs. Seymour, leaning forward to assist her with a complication in her work. "Josiah Spode was the most successful manufacturer of the Japan style of decoration. W. T. Copeland & Sons, his successors, continue to

produce these japans from the original pattern books of Spode, and by precisely the same methods used by him, it is said. These japans are executed entirely by hand, and are brilliant in color and daintily finished. This style is frequently imitated, but can be recognized very quickly, for the printed designs are more heavily tinted and coarser in effect. The Spode china is made in England."

"Porcelain of Japan is of great antiquity, you must know," said Miss Lombard.

"Yes, but not so old as their pottery," said Mrs. Seymour. "I was interested in reading lately," she continued, "that the great center of Japanese manufacture is the province of Hezen, where twenty-five villages are congregated on a mountain that supplies material. I remember once seeing some handsome, stately vases and beautiful large bowls called 'Hezen-ware.' Nearly all fine porcelain and pottery used in the United States is imported from Europe and Asia. We are far behind those countries in the art and science of decoration, but a great deal has been accomplished. I must tell you about it sometime."

Ten o'clock had now arrived, the hour appointed for Ethel to return home, and she now arose to prepare to do so.

"You have told us nothing about the factories in China," cried Amy. "I really care most about that!"

"All in good time," replied her aunt. "I hope we shall soon meet again."

That night in her own pretty room, as Ethel sat in a low chair brushing out her hair, she thought to herself, "How many new things I have to think about! I shall not be as lonely now; bright thoughts are good company. And we are to meet again; that is really the very best of it."

A YOUNG LEADER.

At a time when old men are pre-eminent in European councils the advance of a young man to the front rank of British party leaders is worthy of notice. Says the "St. James Gazette:"

Lord Randolph Churchill will be the youngest leader that the House of Commons has had since the days of Pitt, who first accepted the post at the age of twenty-three. Peel was called to the same responsibility at forty, Russell at forty-two, Disraeli at forty-seven, Palmerston at seventy. Happily the nation is unfettered by any hard-and-fast rule of age in respect to such appointments. Had Lord Randolph been a citizen of Republican Rome, he must have waited another six years to be legally eligible for the consulship. Under the French constitution of 1875 he could not be chosen a senator for three years to come. On the other hand, he has added two years to the thirty-five which an American must have lived before he can hold the presidency of the United States. No doubt a majority of the men who have made history had shown the measure of their capacity at thirty-seven. Bismarck was just thirty-six when he became minister at Frankfort, and his aggressive personality began to assert itself. Gambetta entered on his thirty-third year the acknowledged dictator of France outside Paris. Gordon had just completed the third decade of his life when he assumed the command of the "ever-victorious" army.

HIS TENANT.

The "Chicago Herald" tells a touching story of a sturdy little fellow who has begun very early to provide for a family:

"O yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman, "but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I bought a piece of land. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it. After a while a man came to me to know if I would rent it to him.

"'What do you want it for?' says I.

"'To live in,' he replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you.'

"The first month he brought me $2; and the second month, a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with $3. After that I saw the man once in a while; but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes $2 and sometimes $3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"'He's dead, sir,' was the reply.

"'Is that so?' said I. 'How long since?'

"'More'n a year,' he answered.

"I took his money; but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"'Where is she?' said I.

"'We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since.'

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent, I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"'My boy, you're a hero! You keep on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together, and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money he had paid me for rent, and told him that that was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker; and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant to have."

PATRIOTISM STILL A VIRTUE.

The words from Senator Warner Miller deserve careful attention. We want more of the old-time spirit in these days of false fastidiousness. The boy who comes home from college and thinks he finds himself above his fellows and above his duties as a citizen has made a sad blunder:

I know there is much modern teaching the tendency of which is to keep educated men and scholars from taking part in public affairs. Too many American colleges are turning out a class of young men who are making no adequate return to the State for their education. They hold themselves aloof from politics as though they feared contamination. If their education has not been of that sterling quality which produces hearts and intellects capable of resisting the temptation of flattery, wealth, and power, they have been educated in vain, and should be left to dream in their cloisters, protected from the evils of a wicked world.

We have too many educated men who are un-American in their sympathies and un-democratic in their lives. If they believe in the permanency of republican institutions they fail to give expression to that belief or to do any thing to advance the permanent interests of the commonwealth. If we should judge from their adoption of foreign manners, their advocacy of foreign political theories, and their devotion to foreign literature that they preferred an aristocratic to a republican form of government, we should not go wide of the truth. That such results are possible in American colleges is to be regretted, and calls for an immediate remedy, for it is doing much to injure and disparage our colleges among the people.

SODA LOCOMOTIVES.

What next? Yeast elevators? Soda, heretofore intimately associated with marble fountains and drug-stores, has become a means of propelling street cars, and will soon lose all its pleasant associations. It is hard to let it go, but if it can really be useful in the world we must cheerfully yield to the inevitable. The "Philadelphia Record" thus describes the innovation:

At the Baldwin Locomotive Works there are in course of construction four locomotives which are designed to be run by soda, which takes the place of fire under the boiler. Soda has much the same power as coal, without any of the offensive gases which that fuel emits. The engines are now nearly finished, and are to be shipped within two weeks to Minneapolis, Minn., and are to be run on the streets of that city, where steam-engines are forbidden.

The engine has much the same appearance as a passenger car. It is about 16 feet long, entirely boxed in, with no visible smokestack or pipe, as there is no exhaust or refuse. The boiler is of copper, 84⅛ inches in diameter, and 15 feet long, having tubes running through it as in steam boilers. Inside the boiler will be placed five tons of soda, which, upon being dampened by a jet of steam, produces an intense heat. When the soda is thoroughly saturated, which will occur in about six hours, the action ceases, and then it is necessary to restore it to its original state by forcing through the boiler a stream of superheated steam from a stationary boiler, which drives the moisture entirely from the soda, when it is again ready for use. The exhaust steam from the cylinders is used to saturate the soda, and by this means all refuse is used.

These engines are the first of their kind that have been built in this country, and are being constructed under the supervision of George Kuchler, a German engineer. The engines will have about the same power as those on the New York elevated roads, and will readily draw four light cars. Soda-engines are now used in Berlin and other European cities very successfully, and they also traverse the St. Gothard tunnel under the Alps, where steam-engines cannot be used, because the length of the tunnel renders it impossible to devise a system of ventilation which will carry off the foul gases generated by a locomotive. So overpowering would those gases become that suffocation would ensue.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

WE believe in pictures. They appeal to the eye promptly, conveying information in a complete and comprehensive form. To see a picture is the next thing to witnessing an event with one's own eyes. Pictures tell the whole story without the clumsy intervention of words. Therefore children take to pictures. Color first arrests their attention, then form. They recognize objects with which they are familiar, dogs, horses, cows, and other animals. They always prize picture-papers and picture-books. Children will look at the same picture over and over again, and never grow weary of having it shown, and the story told which it represents.

PICTURES educate. Grace begets grace. Coarseness brings forth coarseness. One would not at first accept the statement, but it is true, that the pictures on the wall in one's house have a strong though silent influence over him. The story is told of a mother who found that a love for the sea developed in her boys one after the other. They loved stories of the sea. They seemed by a sort of intuition to understand the construction of a ship. They played the part of sailors and took to plays about sea-going and ship-life when they were little children. Visiting a sea-port, they at once went to the docks and studied the shipping, and, notwithstanding her entreaties, early went to sea. She was expressing her wonder and regret at this fact which deprived her of the presence and pleasure of her boys at home, when a wise and discriminating friend said: "Do you not know the reason for this taste? On the wall of your sitting-room is the picture of a ship. It is a good picture. The sails are set. The ship is under full headway. One can feel her motion and taste the salt air that comes sweeping over those billows. You have brought up your boys in sight of the sea and the ship. It has become a part of their very life. Why should you wonder that such seed bears its natural fruit?" So do the pictures in our homes tend to cultivate habits of thought, tastes, and preferences. One cannot be too careful what pictures go on the wall.

GOOD pictures are good teachers and good friends. Young people should cultivate a love for them, and should be taught to collect and preserve them. In these days of cheap engravings, and of superior pictorial weeklies, it would be a comparatively easy thing for a young person to procure, preserve, and arrange scores, hundreds, and thousands of good engravings of every style. He might purchase a large number of sheets of paper, uniform in size, and on these paste with great care all the pictures he wished to preserve. These he might again classify, gradually producing portfolios of pictures biographical and historical, pictures representing the history of drawing, painting, etching, engraving, and sculpture. A collection of views representing natural scenery, either engraved or photographed, would enable him to study every part of the world more satisfactorily and effectively than by means of any descriptive geography. On the back of these pictures he could put condensed notes of information, with all of which he could soon become familiar, and thus make every picture a text-book in some department of human learning. This habit of collecting pictures would tend to occupy his time in a legitimate way, and save him from the influence of dissipating society. It would cultivate refined tastes, give him a love for good books, and help him to influence for good his companions. When shall we find young people by the thousand enlisting in this worthy and agreeable pastime?

A COLLECTION of all the really good engravings, photographs, and paintings in a small town might make a creditable exposition. Take for example a town of one thousand inhabitants in any of our cities, east or west. Let a judicious committee make such a collection, and then open it to the public. There would be, no doubt, many worthless pictures encumbering the walls of sitting-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and parlors, but, after one such exposition, there would be fewer of these pictures to be seen. Declined by the committee, they would probably be doomed by the owner. There are in every community inherited pictures—heirlooms from the long ago, and from the well-to-do and cultivated ancestry—old portraits, landscapes in oil, water-colors, of real merit, perhaps not appreciated by the possessor. Fine photographs and engravings might add to such an art-exposition in a little town. There would be untold advantages in this scheme. Study would be promoted in History, Art, and Biography. Homes would be improved, rational amusement promoted, a higher tone given to the taste of the community. The very architecture of the village would be affected by this universal study of art. Premiums might be offered for books containing the best engravings, for original papers on art, for the best amateur work. Readings and addresses might form pleasant programmes for parlor and public hall entertainments, and the frivolity of our modern society corrected by the study of true art.

A CHURCH may do very much in the furtherance of such taste. The best engravings may decorate the walls of the Sunday-school room, and thus the benefits of wealth be enjoyed by the humblest and poorest teachers and children of the community. Our attention has been called to this line of suggestion by a volume now in our hands, entitled "Talks on the Engravings in the Sunday-school Rooms of the Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, of Buffalo, N. Y." There is in Delaware Avenue Church a princely benefactor to whom Buffalo Methodism is more indebted than the world at large knows for the good condition of our churches in that city. FRANCIS H. ROOT, Esq., some ten years ago, conceived the idea of promoting an interest in art by the accumulation of a gallery of etchings and engravings in the Sunday-school room of his church. This enterprise was undertaken by Mr. Root not so much for the sake of improvement in art as to promote biblical instruction. He has annually presented to the school some choice engraving illustrating "the principal events in the birth, life, and teachings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

IN the present volume thirty-one engravings are described. They are: "Jerusalem in Her Grandeur," "Jerusalem in

Her Fall," "The Sistine Madonna," "The Presentation in the Temple," "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Magi," "Mary Coming to the Temple to Present her Dove-offering," "The Child Jesus in the Temple," "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," "Nazareth," "Joseph, Mary, and the Child," "The Holy Mother," "Feeding the Multitude," "The Lost Piece of Money," "Christ Blessing Little Children," "Peace Be to this House," "Christ Entering Jerusalem," Holman Hunt's "Open Door," "The Shepherd's Jerusalem," "The Prodigal Son," "The Pool of Bethesda," "The Parable of the Lilies," Melville's "True Vine," "The Good Shepherd," Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," an etching of "Christ Before Pilate," Jerome's "Golgotha," "The Journey to Emmaus," "Mercy at the Wicket Gate," "The Christian Graces," painted by Hicks, "The Return of the Mayflower," painted by C. H. Boughton and engraved by J. I. Champ. The book forms an admirable guide-book, and we congratulate the students of Delaware Avenue who are permitted to enjoy this perpetual picture gallery.

To men and women of wealth who have luxurious parlors of their own, where art dwells for the delight of the rich and refined, we say—"Remember Mr. Root and his wise device, and go and do likewise."

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for September 12, 1886. THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.—John 16. 5–20. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 16. 13.

PREFATORY. The mourning of the disciples continues, and the words of consolation still fall from the lips of the Master. He has, by numerous and beautiful figures, shown his relation to them and their relation to his Father, and their privilege as friends, and the involved privilege of prayer. Now he comes to lift the veil and show how soon he is practically coming again. Indeed, he shows them that his going away is an advantage to them.

INTERROGATORY. To whom were these words spoken? Why was it expedient for them that Jesus should go away? Who is the Comforter? What was he to do? Why is he called the Spirit of Truth? In their discouragement what comfort did Jesus give? Commit to memory verses 8–11. Repeat the Golden Text.

HOMILY. Let us look at the great truth taught in this lesson. A boy opens a book and looks intently on the page he wishes to memorize. He uses his eyes to help his mind. But to really memorize the contents of the page he closes his eyes. He sees now without eyes. He transfers the thought made visible through print to the invisible soul. Closing his eyes he can think better. He received help from the seen the better to master a truth within his soul.

The world invisible to human eyes must be put within our sight, but it must not be kept there or the power of it will be lost. Jesus came into the world from his invisible and eternal Father to show us the Father, and then he left the realm of vision. Now we see him not, but we may know him. He was in the world in a Body, now he is in the world in a Breath—invisible, but by the inmost spirit *felt*.

What a strange life every man lives within himself! He sits in darkness, lights out, eyes shut, and yet he thinks and seems to see. He feels—O how keenly! Sorrow comes. It sweeps over him like a tornado. Joy comes. It plays through his soul like a summer zephyr with music and fragrance in it. Love comes. It warms the heart. It turns loneliness into companionship, and seems to make the darkness light. A man has a whole world of his own within himself. He cannot be shut out of thought and life. He travels, and mourns, and rejoices, and resolves, and is all the while a resident of a wonderful world within—a world the eye cannot see, nor the ear hear, nor the hand handle. But it is a real world—sometimes awfully real. Now into this world Jesus comes by his Spirit, the "Comforter," the "Spirit of truth." This whole lesson shows what the absent Saviour does in the souls of those who serve him. He comes again in unseen service—reproving, convincing, comforting, guiding, speaking, revealing, turning sorrow into joy.

Do you have such a world of your own? Is it not a world of doubt and anxiety or of darkness and indifference? Is it not sometimes a world of keen sorrow and discouragement? Is it not a very chaos of unbelief, and worldliness, and evil desire? Now no outward circumstances can correct its evils. The world within cannot be set in order and filled with light by the joys and gain and glory of the world without. Only by Spirit can spirit be satisfied. Only by divine light can soul-darkness be dispersed. This it is the mission of the Spirit of truth to accomplish. Read carefully the whole lesson in the light of this truth. Then open your soul to the Spirit of God and be led by him into truth, and strength, and comfort.

PRAYER. O Father of our Spirits, God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who givest Thy Spirit to Thy creatures to enlighten them and to work within them the work of Thy grace, give unto us, who now seek Thee, the Holy Comforter, that we may be awakened to the true life, led into the knowledge and love of the Truth, and be made sharers of Thy strength and comfort. Amen.

TO THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

FROM an excellent article in the "Christian Union" we select two extracts which well deserve a careful reading. Young people too often fall into the error of supposing that to join the Church is to do all, while in reality that act is but the first pace in a long and toilsome march:

You have just begun a Christian life. You have confessed Jesus Christ before men as your Saviour. You have promised, if not publicly, at least in private, to love, honor, and serve him. What now will you do, and how will you do it? What does such love, honor, and service imply? You have planted the seed. But seeds do not grow without culture. What will you do to cultivate it and make it grow? You have resolved to build a Christian character. But resolving to build is not building. How will you go to work to carry your resolution into effect? I have a neighbor who is building a very pretty cottage on an adjoining lot. He had first to decide the question whether he would build. When, after weighing the matter, he finally made up his mind, he was "converted" to building. But this did not give him a house. He had then to form his plans, and put up his house, one beam and board and brick at a time. All you have done is to resolve to build. You have not even yet formed a plan.

After showing the importance of studying the Bible, the writer continues:

Begin, not with Adam, but with Christ; not with the account of the Fall, but with the story of the Redemption. The life of Christ will tell you what you ought to be; it will give you an ideal with which to compare your life; it will also tell you who is your best Friend; it will give you acquaintance with and love for the One who is to be the great power in forming your life anew. Some one of the numerous Lives of Christ may help you in this study of his life; there is none better than Geikie's, published in cheap form by John B. Alden. The monograph on "The Character of Jesus," by Dr. Bushnell, published by Scribners, may help you in the study of Christ's character. But the gospels themselves, read carefully, continuously, repeatedly, above all thoughtfully, must always hold the first place. Christ says, "Follow thou me." You must look into his life, and learn its secret and its method, if you would know what is your duty to the street loungers whom you pass every Sunday on your way to church. Paul tells us to forgive our enemies as Christ forgave his. You must familiarize yourself with Christ's treatment of Judas Iscariot if you would know how you ought to feel and act toward the neighbor who has slandered or the friend who has betrayed you.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

IDEALS are every thing. We all have imaginary molds into which we are trying to fit our irregular and deformed selves.

THE ideal may be utterly wrong, but we worship it with the same devotion we might offer to a perfect model.

WE were walking along a filthy thoroughfare in New York the other day, when two street Arabs came running up. One was driving the other in string harness, and lashing him with a rope whip. Suddenly the human horse fell to the side-walk.

THE driver commenced a violent lashing and torrent of abuse upon the prostrate steed, who made no movement. At last he raised his head and said in a disgusted tone:

"You don't know nuthin'. Why don't yer kick me?"

The driver took the hint and applied his bare toes vigorously. The horse sprung up and dashed away perfectly content.

THAT boy's ideal driver was the big burly bully who kicked his horses and played the tyrant. He means to be just such a character himself some time, and in his play he prepares for the ideal profession.

IT was a sad accident reported in the newspapers last week. A Texas mother watched her child bathing in a river. Suddenly the current carried the little one away, and the mother plunged in to the rescue. A stranger, seeing both in danger, followed to save them. All three were drowned. Some people say this a cold, selfish world, growing worse rather than better. While we find men and women ready to risk their lives for others, we need not despair.

IT is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.—*Anon.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We shall present in this column (running through three weeks or more) the article on "Wesley," taken from "Character Sketches," by Dr. Abel Stevens.

Wesley—Apostleship.

No man knew better than Wesley the importance of small things. His whole financial system was based on weekly penny collections; and it was a rule of himself and his preachers never to omit a single preaching appointment, except from invincible necessity. He was the first to apply extensively the plan of tract distribution. He wrote, printed, and scattered over the kingdom pamphlets and placards on almost every topic of morals and religion. In addition to the usual services of the Church, he introduced the band-meeting, the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, the love-feast, the watch-night, the quarterly meeting, and the Annual Conference. Not content with his itinerant laborers, he called into use the less available powers of his people by establishing the departments of local preachers, exhorters, and leaders. It was, in fine, by gathering together fragments, by combining minutiæ, that he formed that powerful system of spiritual means which is transcending all others in the evangelization of the world.

Equally minute was he in his personal habits. Moore, his biographer and companion at City Road, says that the utmost neatness and simplicity were manifest in every circumstance of his life; that in his chamber and study, during his winter months of residence in London, not a book was misplaced, or even a scrap of paper left unheeded; that he could enjoy every convenience of life, and yet acted in the smallest thing like a man who was not to continue an hour in one place; that he appeared at home in every place, settled, satisfied, and happy, and yet was ready any hour to take a journey of a thousand miles.

It was not only in the theoretical construction of plans that Wesley excelled, if indeed he paused at all to theorize about plans; but he was pre-eminently distinguished by the practical energy with which he prosecuted the great variety of his labors. Their history would be absolutely incredible with less authentic evidence than that which attests it. He was perpetually traveling and preaching, studying and writing, translating and abridging, superintending his societies, and applying his great conceptions. He traveled usually four thousand five hundred miles a year, and this itinerancy, at the rate of more than the circumference of the globe every six years, was pursued on horseback down to nearly his seventieth year—preaching two, three, and sometimes four sermons a day, commencing at five o'clock in the morning; and in all this incessant traveling and preaching he carried with him the studious and meditative habits of the philosopher. Scarcely a department of literature or scientific inquiry escaped his attention.

Like Luther, he knew the importance of the press; he kept it teeming with his publications, and his itinerant preachers were good agents for their circulation. His works, including abridgments and translations, amounted to about two hundred volumes. They comprise treatises on almost every subject of divinity, on poetry, music, history; natural, moral, metaphysical, and political philosophy. He wrote, as he preached, *ad populum*; and he was not only the original leader, but the author, of those plans which have become a feature of our times for the popular diffusion of knowledge.

Unlike most men who are given to various exertions and many plans, he was accurate and profound. He was an adept in classical literature and the use of the classical tongues; his writings are adorned with their finest passages. He was familiar with a number of modern languages; his own style is one of the best examples of strength and perspicuity among English writers. He seems to have been ready on almost every subject of learning and general literature; as a logician, he was remarkably acute and decisive, famous in his college at Oxford for technical logic.

He was but little addicted to those vicissitudes of temper which characterize imaginative minds. His temperment was warm, but not fiery. His intellect never appears inflamed, but always glowing—a serene radiance. His immense labors were accomplished, not by the impulses of restless enthusiasm, but by the cool calculation of his plans, and the steady self-possession with which he pursued them. He habitually exemplified his favorite maxim: "Always in haste, but never in a hurry." "I have not time," he said, "to be in a hurry." He was as economical of his time as a miser could be of his gold; rising at four o'clock in the morning, and allotting to every hour its appropriate work. "Leisure and I," he wrote, "have taken leave of each other." Fletcher of Madeley said of him: "Though oppressed with the weight of near seventy years, and the care of near thirty thousand souls, he shames still, by his unabated zeal and immense labors, all the young ministers of England, perhaps Christendom. He has generally blown the Gospel trump, and rode twenty miles, before most of the professors who despise his labors have left their downy pillows. As he begins the day, the week, the year, so he concludes them, still intent upon extensive services for the glory of the Redeemer and the good of souls." Such, however, was the happy distribution of his time that, amid a multiplicity of engagements that would distract an ordinary man, he declares there were few persons who spent so many hours in studious solitude as himself. And it has justly been remarked that one wonder of his character was the self-control by which he preserved himself calm while he kept all in excitement around him.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Paper Money.

Money is usually of two kinds, specie and paper. Paper money, so called, is not strictly money according to our definition. It either represents money or is a promise to pay money. All United States notes read: "The United States will pay" a certain sum. So this promise to pay is circulated just as the silver or gold would be. The value of this money depends upon the confidence which the people have in the ability of the government to pay. During the war the Confederate money became well-nigh worthless because people felt almost certain that the confederacy could never pay what it had promised.

Gold and Silver Certificates.

Some of our ten and twenty dollar bills read as follows: "This certifies that a certain number of dollars have been deposited with the treasurer at Washington." A gold or silver certificate is very much like a trunk check; it represents a definite value which has been put away for safe-keeping, and which may be had at any time on presentation. These certificates are as good as specie and much more conveniently carried.

What is Resumption of Specie Payments?

The paying of these government promises in gold whenever demand is made. Gold is the standard on which these promises were issued, and to pay in any thing but gold would be a piece of national dishonesty.

How are Foreign Debts Paid?

Let us suppose that A. in New York sells B. in London $100 worth of goods, and that C. in London sells D. in New York $100 worth of goods. How are these claims to be settled? In one of two ways: B. may ship A. $100 in specie, and D. may send C. the same amount. This course, however, necessitates expressage of coin and some risk.

Now these debts could be very easily arranged if the four men knew each other, for A. could write to B. to pay C. $100, and C. write to D. to pay A. $100, and all claims would be settled without shipping any coin whatever. This is the principle upon which all foreign exchanges are made, although the details are of course more complex. We shall show how this is done by describing

Drafts.

A draft demands three parties: the drawer, the man or firm drawn upon, and the man in whose favor the draft is made. Let us take an imaginary case and follow the transaction.

John S. Drayton, of New York, owes Chas. Fisher, of London, $1,000. Chas. Fisher makes a draft as follows:

$1,000. London, *Sept.* 1, 1886.

At sight pay Brown, Shipley & Co.,

One thousand dollars, and charge the same to my account.

Chas. Fisher.

To John S. Drayton,
New York, U. S. A.

Chas. Fisher takes this to the bankers Brown, Shipley & Co., in London, who pay him the money. Then they send this draft by mail to their New York house, who present it to John S. Drayton for payment.

Suppose, however, a man in London wants to pay $1,000 to a man in New York. He will buy this draft from the bankers and send it to his creditor in New York, who will present it to Drayton personally or through a bank.

Bankers, then, are go-betweens in business, and bring together men who could not find each other in any other way.

What is a Check?

A check is a draft which a depositor makes in favor of any one upon a bank in which the drawer of the check has money.

A Promissory Note.

A promissory note is the promise of a man to pay another a certain sum, at a certain time. A government note and a personal note are of exactly the same character, although the former may be as much more valuable as the credit of the government is better than that of the individual.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

A Canvas Canoe.

In pursuance of a promise made some time ago, we give a description of a small canvas canoe which may be made easily and at a moderate cost. The frame should be made of pine and hickory or oak.

The first step is to make a bottom-board, about the shape represented in figure 1.

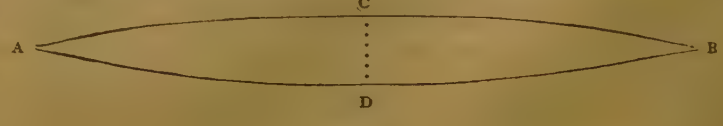

Fig. 1.

Take a board ¾ in. thick, 12 ft. long, and 1 ft. wide. Mark a middle line C D, and from this line taper the board in each direction toward the ends A and B. Then make a keel of pine 2 in. deep and 1 in. broad. This should be screwed firmly to the bottom of the board from A to B.

Now at A and B make mortise holes, and fix firmly two upright pieces of oak or hickory. These pieces should be 16 in. high and 1½ in. square originally. They should be cut into a triangular shape to form cutwaters at each end of the canoe.

Next comes the frame. This should be made of strips of hickory ½ in. thick and 1 in. broad. Take two long strips and bolt the ends of both firmly to the top of the upright at one end of the canoe. Now bend out these pieces until they are 20 in. apart at the center of the canoe, while the unfastened ends are brought together at the other upright. When these long strips have been cut the right length, bolt them securely in place as at the other end. Now you have your bottom-board, your stem and stern-posts, and your deck-frame. Next come the ribs. There should be at least twelve of these on a side. They should be made of hickory ⅜ in. thick and ¾ in. wide, and long enough to reach from the side of the bottom-board to the deck-guard. They are put in place as follows: A notch is cut in the bottom-board just large enough for the end of a rib, which sinks in until it is flush with the edge of the board. A screw holds the rib in place, and a small bolt secures the other end to the deck-beam. These ribs will make the frame very firm. A few cross-beams on deck are necessary to stiffen the frame and to support the deck covering. Figure 2 represents the deck plan.

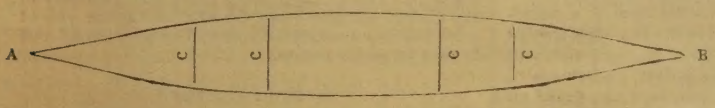

Fig. 2.

A B—Stem-posts. c c c c—Cross-beams.

The frame is now complete, and it only remains to cover it with canvas. Strong sail canvas is the best for this purpose, although tent canvas may be made to do. Turn the frame over on its deck, and all along the bottom of the floor board, near the edge, smear pitch. Then with very small tacks and very close together fasten the canvas at least two inches back from the edge of the board. At bow and stern bring the pieces from both sides together and sew them firmly and tightly over the end posts. A few tacks at the top will hold the canvas up.

When the canvas has been tacked securely all along the bottom-board turn the canoe over. Now this canvas must be brought up to the deck guards, turned over them, and sewed with twine tightly along the underside of the strips. It is important to stretch the canvas very tightly, so that the water will not press the sides of the canoe in too far through the frame. It will be found that the canvas will be a little full along the sides, so it will be necessary to take in "gores" in order to make the cover fit well.

When the sides are covered pieces of canvas should be sewed on the deck, leaving a place for a cock-pit in the center. It would be well to put a few lateral strips along the ribs in the cock-pit to protect the sides.

When all this work has been done it remains to paint the canoe. First it should be given a coat of oil, and then three or four coats of thick paint. When thoroughly dry, launch the thin-skinned craft, and paddle away, careful to preserve your balance. If you have never been in a canoe we advise you to begin your career in shallow water. As to internal fittings, cushions, lockers, etc., we leave that entirely to the choice and ingenuity of the builder. We hope that this description is intelligible, and may be of assistance to some of our nautically-inclined readers.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—V.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

THE next meeting of the K. D. S. was held at Kittie's home, and as the members entered the library there was a unanimous murmur of approval, having evidently some connection with an interesting-looking plate of cake on the table.

"Don't say too much till you taste it," laughed Kittie, "but I hope you will like it, for it is part of my information for this afternoon."

As each of the Katies said "Delicious!" after the first bite, Kittie ventured to go on.

"You see," she began, "I have so many brothers that I can't take time to be philanthropic like Katherine, or artistic like Katrina, or intellectual like Kate unless it all has something to do with the 'Brotherhood,' as mother and I call the boys. For instance, yesterday I spent the afternoon in Jack's behalf. All this term he has talked so much about his new chum at college that I knew he thought a great deal of him and cared about his opinion. So when he asked mother if he might bring Mr. Wallace home over Sunday I began to wonder what we could do to make things a little pleasanter than usual.

"Yesterday morning, when mother said, 'What shall we have for tea?' an idea popped right into my head, and I said, 'Let's have a Princeton tea in honor of the chums.'

"Mother smiled serenely, although a little incredulously, but when I told her that if she would do her part and look after the substantials I would take care of the fripperies. She agreed, and it was a bargain. On my way home from school in the afternoon I invested in some oranges and two pieces of very narrow ribbon, one yellow, the other black. I found one of the 'Brotherhood,' and sent him off into a field where I had seen some golden-rod the day before, and another I enlisted for a hunt in the pansy-bed for some belated yellow or black pansies. Then I peeled the oranges, and holding on a plate each one firmly by a fork stuck into the center of it, I cut it into small pieces, leaving the core untouched. Perhaps Katrina would not consider this way as artistic as the old method of slicing, and perhaps the fruit does not look as well as when so done, but it is more enjoyable, we have found, and easier to eat. Having finished cutting the oranges, I sugared them and put them away 'to get juicy,' as Fred says. Then I attacked my cake with vigor.

"Fortunately the boys did not get up to the house till seven o'clock, but by that time every thing was ready, and I wish you could have seen the table. Each napkin was tied with the tiny yellow and black ribbon, and in the loops was stuck a yellow or black pansy. Mother had fulfilled her part of the contract nobly, and there were rolls, and stewed chicken, and chocolate delicious enough to render quite frantic the minds of the youths. In the center I had put my new yellow jar holding the sprays of golden-rod, and the neck of the jar was adorned with black and yellow ribbons. Then there were the oranges and an opposite dish of mother's canned peaches, the yellowest we could find, and with my two plates of yellow cake, and the old-fashioned set of dishes with the gilt border, our entire table was quite a harmony in yellow. And I wish you could have seen Jack's face. He knew that mother, on principle, was not often given to fripperies of diet, and when he realized the force of the exception and the compliment paid to his college and his friend, he fairly beamed with delight, and the sight of his face was enough to pay me for what I had done."

"And how did you make the cake?" asked Kate.

"The first kind is called sunshine cake, and as Miss Parloa told me all about it in her cook-book, I will tell you in her own words:

"'Sunshine cake is made in almost the same way as the well-known angel cake. The materials needed are the whites of eleven eggs and the yolks of six; one cupful of flour, measured after sifting; one cupful and a half of granulated sugar, measured after one sifting; one tea-spoonful of cream-of-tartar, and one tea-spoonful of orange extract.

"'Beat the egg whites to a stiff froth and gradually beat in the sugar. Beat the yolks well, and add to them the whites and sugar and the flavor. Finally, stir in the flour. Mix all the ingredients quickly and well, and bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes.

"'The pan used should have little legs at the upper corners, so that when it is turned upside down on the table after baking a current of air will pass under and over it. Do not grease the pan.'

"It is better to have a pan with a hole in the center, one of the 'Turk's head' kind of tin," added Kittie.

After each member of the K. D. S. had announced her intention of making a sunshine cake at her earliest opportunity Kittie went on:

"I must tell you about my other cake, for that was about the best part of the whole tea. That was very yellow, for the icing even was yellow. Here are the directions, which I discovered in the 'Home Weekly' the other day. You know I like to try things that I read about.

"'Golden frosting is easily made, being in no way different from common icing or frosting made with one tea-cup of sugar to each egg, only that instead of the white of the egg you use the yolk. If well beaten it hardens just as well as the white, and is pleasant to both eye and taste. Lemon or rose-water makes a nice flavoring. It contrasts prettily with silver or lady-cake, and is, of course, most conveniently made with one which requires only the white of eggs. Bake the cake in round tin plates, and put the frosting between the layers and over the top.'

"I made a simple cup-cake for the layers, and spread the icing as smoothly over the top as possible. When it was hard I took a piece of stiff writing-paper, rolled it up in the form of a cornucopia, leaving a tiny hole in the bottom, and used this in lettering my cake. I poured some of the yellow liquid icing into it, and by dint of much care in regulating the drops which came through the hole I succeeded in getting on my cake the word 'Princeton,' and the date ''88 '—Jack's class. I believe that you can get little tin markers for this purpose, but a paper one is almost as good, and always possible to make. How the boys smiled when they saw that cake! And very soon we were all talking away with Mr. Wallace as if we had known him forever."

By the time that each member of the K. D. S. had taken a copy of the recipes, and had thoroughly discussed the ways and means of using them, it was found to be so late that although Katherine said she was ready to report about the Audubon Society it was decided to postpone this until the next time.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

South Australia.

(Area, 903,690 sq. miles; population, 304,915; Colonial Governor, Sir William Robinson.)

THE British colony of South Australia includes the territories once known as North Australia and Alexandra Land. These are unsettled and as yet for the most part unexplored, and the map exhibits only the inhabited portion of the colony. The region about Spencer Gulf was settled by a British colonizing company in 1836. It suffered at first from overrapid growth, and afterward the discovery of gold in the adjacent provinces deprived it of its laboring men. But when the gold fever somewhat abated, the colony began a period of steady growth. The known portions of this great territory are adapted to grazing rather than agriculture, the most fertile regions being the valleys and foot-hills of the Flinders range. The climate is generally dry, and ranges in temperature from the cool south to the tropical north. There are few streams of importance except the Murray, but the central region abounds in lakes. Wool, wheat, and copper are the principal exports. The rich deposits of iron cannot yet be worked on account of the scarcity of coal. The colony owns about 1,000 miles of railroads and 5,500 miles of telegraphs, including an overland line 2,000 miles long, from Adelaide to Port Darwin on the northern coast, connecting with the Anglo-Indian cable and forming the telegraphic link between Australia and the rest of the world. Adelaide is the chief city.

There is no state religion, and the three leading church organizations are the Church of England, Roman Catholics, and Wesleyan Methodists. The constitution was granted in 1856. The people elect the members of both branches of Parliament. The executive is vested in a governor appointed by the British crown. He receives a salary of $25,000 per year, and is assisted by a council of ministers, constituted in the manner of the British cabinet.

The Bulgarian Revolutions.

THE peace which had prevailed on the surface of European politics since the close of the war with Servia was rudely broken Aug. 21 by a revolution by which the ruler, Prince Alexander, was driven from the throne and a provincial government was established in the interest of Russia.

The telegraphic reports of the affair have been brief and contradictory, and it is not easy to select the reliable portions. The commonly accepted theory is briefly as follows: Bulgaria was made a self-governing Turkish state by the Berlin Treaty. Alexander of Battenberg, a German prince, was made its ruler, and the Powers trusted to him to create a barrier in the way of the Russian advance on Constantinople. He has had marked success. Russia sought to win his favor by military favors, but he persisted in working for Bulgaria. The revolution of September, 1885, added Eastern Roumelia to his dominion, and the successful repulse of the jealous attacks of Servia raised the prince to the highest popularity among his subjects. He became so strong in his new position that Turkey was compelled to sanction his authority over both provinces. Thus the obstacle to Russian advance was doubled, and the Czar expressed his disapproval of the prince by striking his name from the rolls of the imperial army.

The conspiracy which overthrew Alexander was apparently of Russian origin, but it was executed suddenly by the confidential ministers of the prince himself. They forced him to leave the throne and the country, and proclaimed the protection of Russia. The first despatches announced that the people welcomed the change, but the later news was of a different nature. It became evident that the troops were faithful to the chief who had led them to victories in the Servian campaign, and the people were not easily to be turned from their allegiance to the prince who had made Bulgaria respected among the states of South-eastern Europe. Rumors came of a second provincial government, established at Tirnova, the ancient capital, in opposition to that of the conspirators at Sofia. The latest news is that the counter-revolution, having received the support of the army and people, has triumphed. The pro-Russian government has been overthrown, and Alexander has been enthusiastically welcomed back by his subjects. This episode will serve to show the eagerness with which Russia is striving to throw off the bonds which Disraeli placed upon her ambitions at the close of the Russo-Turkish war. It is generally believed that the conspiracy was concocted and directed from St. Petersburg, and it is confidently asserted that had Russia succeeded in establishing her influence in the Balkan region by this sudden stroke neither Austria nor Germany would have interfered, purchasing by their submission the favor of Russia in any controversy which might arise with Great Britain.

The Nationalist Convention.

THE convention of the Irish National League of America met at Chicago, August 18, and was an enthusiastic and, with one exception, a united gathering. John Fitzgerald, of Nebraska, was chosen president of the league in place of Patrick Egan, who declined a re-election. The Parnellite delegates, Davitt, Redmond, and Deasy, were cordially received. The unfortunate speech of Mr. Finerty, who declared that the aim of the league was the complete independence of Ireland, was the only discordant note. This utterance will be used effectually against the league, and it was condemned on the spot by Davitt and others. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

We, the delegates of the Irish National League of America, in convention assembled, firmly believing in the principles of human freedom, and in the right of a people to frame their own laws, a right which lies at the foundation of the prosperity and greatness of this republic, and which has advantageously extended the colonial possessions of Great Britain, do hereby

Resolve, first, That we express our heartfelt and most unqualified approval of national self-government for Ireland.

Second, That we heartily approve of the course pursued by Charles Stewart Parnell and his parliamentary associates in the English House of Commons, and we renew the expression of our entire confidence in their wisdom and in their ability to achieve home rule in Ireland.

Third, That we extend our heartfelt thanks to Mr. Gladstone for his great efforts in behalf of Irish self-government, and we express our gratitude to the English, Scotch, and Welsh democracy for the support given to the great Liberal leader and his Irish policy during the recent general elections.

Fourth, That this convention hereby returns its thanks to the American people and press for the generous support which they have given to the cause of self-government in Ireland.

Fifth, That we record our sense of the remarkable forbearance and self-restraint exercised by our people in Ireland in the face of the cruel and dishonest system of extortion to which they are being subjected by rack-renting landlords, and in view of the license scandalously extended to organized lawlessness in the north of Ireland by partisan officials; and we commend the laudable desire of the people of Ireland to manage their own affairs in their own way.

Sixth, That we hereby thank the president, treasurer, and secretary of the Irish National League for the faithful and efficient manner in which they have discharged the arduous duties of their respective stations.

Seventh, That the following cablegram be forwarded in the name of the chairman of the convention to the Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell: Delegates to the Irish National League convention of America send greeting from our body, which embraces representative citizens from every State and Territory in the Union, and also from Canada, and assure you of a cordial indorsement of your policy by a united and harmonious convention.

A Brief Survey.

CUTTING, the American citizen whose imprisonment in Mexico aroused the hostilities of Texas, was released Aug. 23. Mexico, however, reasserts her right to punish criminals for offenses against Mexicans, even though they are committed in another country. The State department continues its negotiations on this point.——Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, formerly professor at the Andover divinity school, died Aug. 22. His widow is Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress.——Terrific wind-storms raged in Texas, Aug. 19–21, destroying property valued at $5,000,000, and killing thirty-eight people. Galveston and Indianola were the greatest sufferers.——A fire in San Francisco, Aug. 21, caused a loss of $2,000,000.——An alteration in the time schedules of the Broadway railroad in New York led to a strike Aug. 23. The road was tied up, and an attempt to run a car was unsuccessfully opposed by a mob. The Belt Line Railroad was tied up for a similar cause. Both strikes failed, and the men were compelled to return to work on the companies' terms.——A flash of lightning struck Laflin & Rand's powder magazine in Chicago at 9:30 Sunday morning. 100,000 pounds of dynamite and other explosives were on storage. Where the building stood is a hole twenty-five feet deep, while the building itself is scattered for half a mile over the prairie. Two persons were killed and several injured.——Gov. Hill, of New York, approved Mayor Grace's order removing Commissioner Squire from his position at the head of the Department of Public Works. Gen. John Newton, who directed the Hell Gate improvements, is his successor.——The two trial races resulted in the choice of the *Mayflower* to represent the N. Y. Yacht Club in the race with *Galatea* for the *America's* cup.——A big lock-out, which will involve some 20,000 persons, has been ordered in the clothing trade. The Clothing Cutters' Union demanded the employment of none but union men in the future, and the employers refused to accede to the demand.

By a freshet in the Irrawaddy River the lower portion of Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, was submerged. One thousand persons perished, and property valued at $5,000,000 was destroyed.——There have been seventy-six suicides at Monte Carlo during the present gambling season.——Two hundred lives were lost by the burning of a Russian river steamer on the Lower Volga, Aug. 21.——The British Parliament assembled Aug. 19. The queen's speech was an appeal for the annual appropriations. Lord Randolph Churchill announced the policy of the Conservatives. They propose to consider nothing at this session but the supply bills. When these are disposed of Parliament will be adjourned to February, 1887, when the Irish question will be taken up. The government will endeavor to maintain order in the meantime, and will summon Parliament in case the present laws are insufficient to secure peace.——Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Irish question has been published. He clearly defines his position, and defends himself from the charge of having sprung the Home Rule measure on his friends.——Greece has been visited by several earthquake shocks which have caused great destruction of property. 600 people were killed and 1,000 injured.

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BROOKLYN TIMES.

April 24, 1886.

OUR YOUTH, a bright juvenile paper published by the Methodist Book Concern of New York, has purchased the manuscript of a new story by Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, entitled "No," for publication in their journal, beginning with the issue for June 5.

TABERNACLE MAGAZINE, PHILA.

June, 1886.

OUR YOUTH is published at the Book Concern, New York, under the editorial supervision of Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D. The subscription price is one dollar and a quarter a year. But in order to secure success at once and reach a circulation of 50,000 the publishers will send it for the remaining half year for fifty cents. We wish every family in the Church would write for a sample copy, and then subscribe. It is the paper for our young folks.

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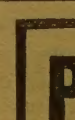

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A shootin', I am told;
When the spring is opened
No birds begin to sing,
But every lady's hat is trimmed
With many a little wing.
—*Boston Transcript.*

—"St. Nicholas" tells of a dog that can count. But it can't equal a cat in running up a column.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A private who was minus one arm remarked: "One day a boat opened on us with canister, and the boys were sorter rattled until a big fellow shouted: 'Stick to 'em, boys; their ammunition's gin out, and they're shooting dinner buckets at us!'"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—The Chicago "Morning News" prints a curious Yankee advertisement found tacked up in the barroom of a hotel at Scituate. This advertisement, written upon a bit of foolscap paper, reads as follows: "Lost.—A good rubber boot; on the road from North Scituate beach to Scituate Center. I have the other. Will buy or sell. Address L. W. Cook, North Scituate."

—In the Pharmacy.—Mr. Oppenheimer—"Rachel, haf ve got mooch of dot gholera migscher auf der sheluf?"

Mrs. O.—"Ya, Isaac, der is two grosses of bottles of der migscher."

Mr. O.—"Well, send Jakey out for a barrel of beaches und ve vill gif dem avay to der small poys der neighporhoot in. Hast du gesehen? Ve must dot peeziness poom alretty."—*The Rambler.*

—Algernon—"Do you know, I don't believe there is any thing in the theowy that fish is gweat bwain food."

Augustus—"Why, I always supposed that was a fact. Have you eaten much fish?"

Algernon—"O ya-as, an awful lot."

Augustus—"Well, then, I guess you're right, old chap."—*The Rambler.*

—"Ah, Twombley, out again, eh? You've had quite a siege, I hear."

"Yes—almost at death's door. Dr. Probem pulled me through. Bless the old man! I owe every thing to him."

"Yes; I heard him remark yesterday that he expected you'd keep on owing him until the crack of doom."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—One of our bishops, addressing the boys of the House of Correction, without preparation, congratulated them, in lieu of any thing else to say, on the privileges they enjoyed, and deplored the fact that he in his youth had never had such opportunities. "Ah," said he, "I wish I had had such advantages when I was young as all you boys have to-day!" The boys smiled and so did some others.—*Chicago Living Church.*

—Likely.—Gentleman (looking at flat)—"I am afraid my wife wont want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it?"

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—The House said to the Senate, "Please pass the oleomargarine," and the Senate passed it.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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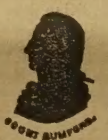

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